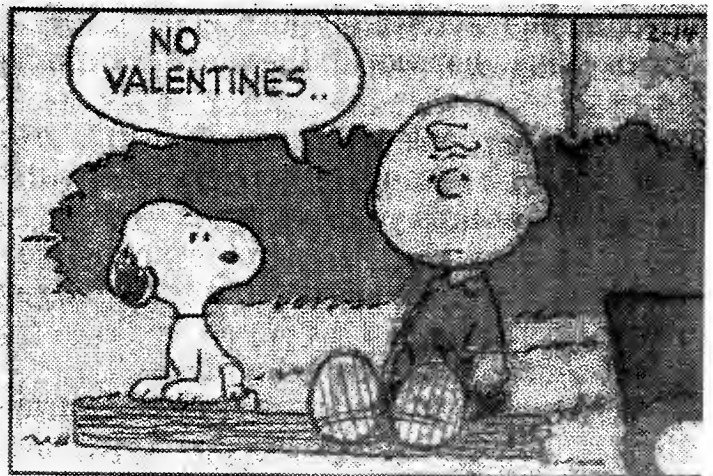
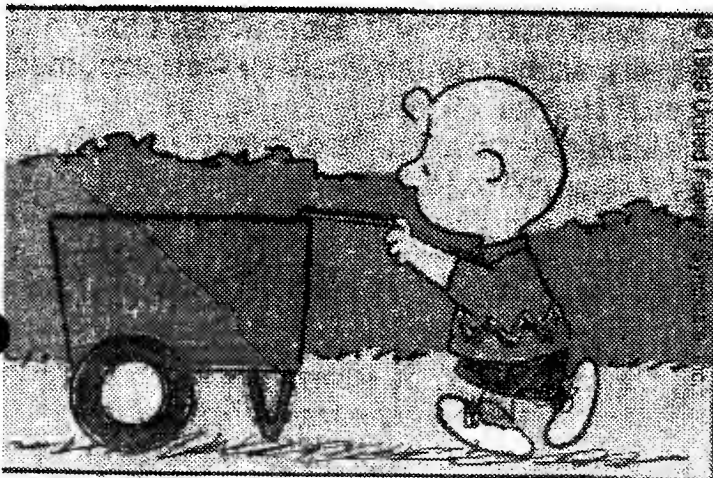
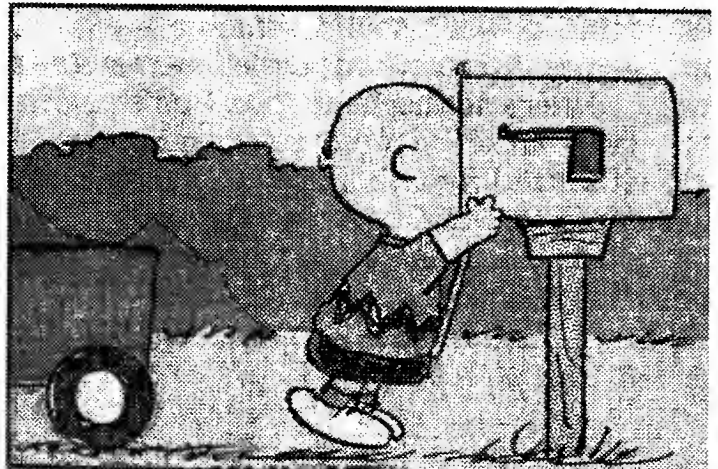
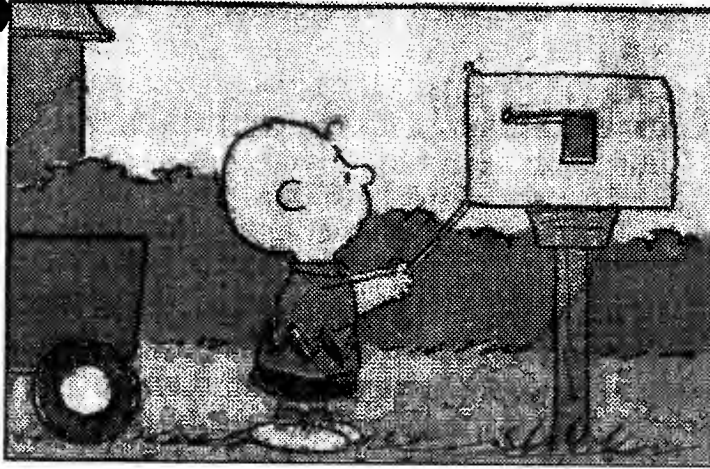
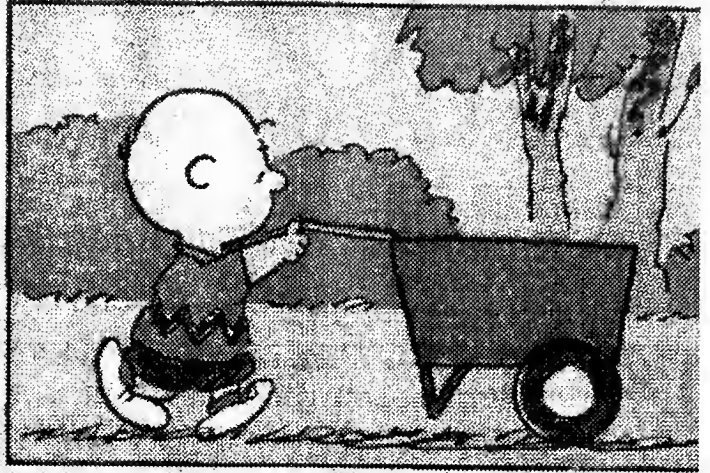
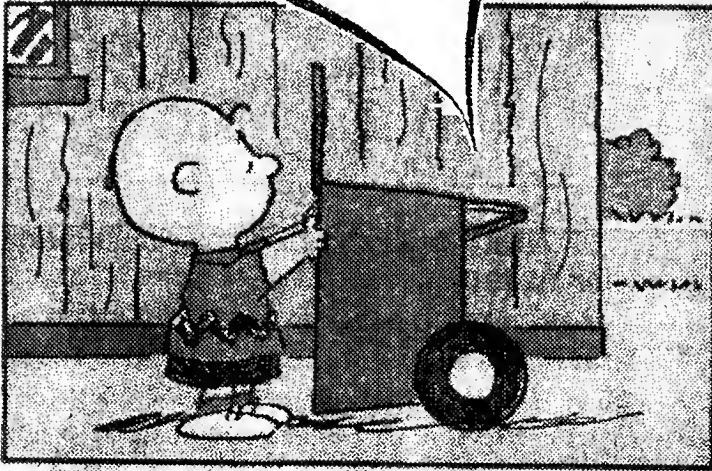


# A Selwyn House Student Publication

Issue II

February 1999



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# Forum Administration

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**Editor-in-chief:** Sam Carsley

**Editors:**

**Creative Consultant:** Miss Maria Tratt

Alexis Asselin

Henry Buszard

**Staff Supervisor:** Mr. Pat Shannon

James Govan

Philip Hospod

**Photo contributions:** The Yearbook Staff

Ned Maloney

Matthew Gore

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If you wish to submit an article to the *Forum*, you may do so by giving your article on disk (saved as a text (.txt) file) and a hard copy to any member of the *Forum* staff or you can submit by e-mail at:

**[theforum@selwyn.ca](mailto:theforum@selwyn.ca)**

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**Above:** Lotfi and Danny perform the forbidden Morrocan Lambada.



**Above:** THE USUAL SUSPECTS 2:  
The New Class

# M O M E N T

OF THE

# M O N T H

by Philip Hospod

The air was chilly and the weather foreboding as Liam Paul, the brave-protagonist of this story, gave birth to what could possibly become the joke of the year.

It all began a week earlier, during a particularly uneventful period of physics, when we were asked to figure out the maximum height that each one of us could throw a tennis ball. Armed with eager smiles and graphing calculators, the honours science squad hit the rink with determination. Spilling out last from the building, the odd looking lab group of Seth Ross and his Peons quickly overtook the others with their added enthusiasm for athletic activity. Reaching well over four seconds of hang time each, James, Liam, and I continuously outdid ourselves. This friendly competition was only paused by the discovery of Seth's pathetically meek throw. With a style matching that of a Novacaine addict in the midst of an epileptic fit, Seth even failed to break a measly three seconds. Our amusement was only doubled by Seth's continued optimistic attempts at breaking this lower record. With a final time of 2 .94 seconds, Seth slumped back into his class. He was quickly followed by his overly content Peons.

A week later, the climax of the story was soon to take place. As always, Seth was the first member to have actually finished the assignment. He deliberately pronounced his max height of 11 metres with an air of accomplishment. Failing to realize the significance of this number, James and I barely flinched. Liam, our brave

**"As I stepped outside with half the class following and looked at the wall, I just cracked"**

tall....hmmm?....well Seth, I'll give you 2 dollars if you can roof a tennis ball." James and I quickly interjected: "Liam, that's a hell of a call, most grade three's can roof a tennis ball." To this our protagonist confidently replied that he is willing to bet that Seth can't make his tennis ball peak just at the right moment and with that last statement Seth had no choice but to accept his challenge, walk out of the building and face the Wall. At this point half the class and a couple of teachers were taking part in this extraordinary tale. Seth's first throw....was a decent one. It peaked a little early and he must have missed the top by half a foot. His second and third weren't even close. At this point the entire class was watching, obviously amused. He gave up after five throws, none as close as the first one. Dejected, humiliated and humbled, Seth sank as far into his stool as the cold metal surface allowed. With the class evidently buzzed and Liam Paul clearly glowing, one final dagger shot through the air..... "Hey, isn't Seth on the Sportsman's Guild?"



"When questioned about his stretching habits, Seth quickly denied comment and then physically harassed the cameraman."

protagonist, on the other hand, quickly realized its momentous meaning and jumped all over the chance to challenge Seth: "11 metres, Ay.....Wait a minute isn't the school 11 metres

\*To protect the privacy and pride of some of the characters I should have altered the names.

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# How to piss off a radio DJ

## (without really trying)

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by Winnie the Pooh

**D**Js. They sit in sound-proof booths, kings of the airwaves, doling out everything from criminally inane commentary to All-Saints. Drunk on their own power, they seem to patronize the listener through the deep-voiced, chuckling idiocy of their inhumorous "observations." However, once in a while, the listener strikes back. Consciously or otherwise, a caller might fluster a radio personality into showing some even relatively human emotions. "How do I do this?" you might ask. Well, if you study the techniques of the following pros, you too might be able to piss off a DJ without really trying

**DJ:** Alllllright, ladies and gentlemen, I am holding my hands right now two tickets to the U2 concert, coming up this April, sponsored in part by your favourite station, WHAP 91.1, and they will go to the first caller through that can answer today's historical trivia question: Who won the Second World War? Go ahead caller, you're on the air!

**Caller:** Hello?

**DJ:** Yes, hello, do you have an answer to the question?

**Caller:** Hello? Am I on the air?

**DJ:** Yes, you're on the air. Do you have an answer?

**Caller:** I'm so nervous. Hi Mom! Hee Hee

**DJ:** Answer?

**Caller:** I'm sorry. I can't hear you. Let me turn up my radio.

**DJ:** (feedback) TURN YOUR RADIO DOWN!

**Caller:** Oops, sorry, anyway, can you play some Blur?

**DJ:** (click) Moving on. We're still looking for an answer to our trivia question of the day: Who won the Second World War? Yes, caller, you're on.

**Caller:** Is Dr. Mitzenbaum there?

**DJ:** Who?

**Caller:** Dr.Mitzenbaum, thank God it's you, I just had a major incident with my wife she started yelling because I left the toilet seat up again I tried to calm her down but she grabbed me by the collar dunked my head in the toilet bowl and gave me a swirlie I think she's having anger displacement problems again remember the ones we talked about after the death of our dog what do you think?

**DJ:** This is a radio station.

**Caller:** Oh, sorry. (pause) So what do you think?

**DJ:** (click) So anyway, I'm still looking for anyone with a basic knowledge of 20th century history who would know who won the Second World War. Go.

**Caller:** VIVE LE QUEBEC LIBRE !

**DJ:** (click) Anyone at all? Go ahead.

**Caller:** Talk dirty to me baby.

**DJ:** What?

**Caller:** Oh yeah, that's it.

**DJ:** What number did you call?

**Caller:** 976-LOVE?

**DJ:** You people make me sick. (click) Still looking for an answer. (At this point the DJ is feeling extremely frustrated and has reached for the bottle of whisky under the console.)

**Caller:** Hello. I think I have an answer.

**DJ:** Finally, thank you, thank you. What is it?

**Caller:** Did the Germans win?

**DJ:** (pause) No. Go away. Next.

**Caller:** Dr. Mitzenbaum?

**DJ:** (click) Next.

**Caller:** VIVE LE QUEBEC LIBRE !

**DJ:** (click) Next.

**Caller:** The Allies won the Second World War.

**DJ:** Sweet Jesus, finally. Sir, you have correctly answered our trivia question of the day. Please stay on the line so you can pick up your U2 tickets.

**Caller:** U2? Yeecchh, no thanks. (click)

**DJ:** (silence)

The DJ is now on the ledge of the building, screaming obscenities and waving the whisky bottle above his head. Below him lies a growing crowd of firemen and onlookers. Dr. Mitzenbaum is on his way.

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## Important

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To the one of you who actually tried this (who we will call, for reasons which will become obvious, Seth R.) next time it would be better if you *didn't* mention your name, or for that matter your home phone number. Also, if ever you should mention your psychiatric analyst, please use a fake name as I'm sure he wouldn't like to be associated with a failed case such as your own. If you really have to do something such as this, don't offend the nuclear pelicans otherwise you might just wake up without any undergarments to speak of (If this hasn't happened already)(if so I don't want to know).

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# Deep Thoughts

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by Seth Ross

Sometimes, when I'm sitting in Mr. Williams' Economics class, pondering the exploits of the venerable Arthur Slugg, I wonder: what would happen if our beloved Guidance Counselor were abducted by aliens and forced to undergo a face transplant with a bare-faced, Preston Manning lookalike? ....OK, let's try that ... Suivant, next...

.....

Sometimes, when I'm sitting at the head table, still flush with power after ringing the bell, I wonder: Is all this fruit for dessert a result of the powerful influence exerted by the sinister toilet-paper cartels? Or is it some fanatic's scheme to shape us into a super-regular army of peons.

.....

Occasionally, while my mind percolates in Mr. Shannon's class, I wonder: what would school be like if all of the jokes the good-natured teacher makes about certain members of the class were true. I banish the thought from my mind when, from the corner of my eye, I see Hasan at the doorway staring at me intently and tracing an "X" in the air with an outstretched finger. ...Suddenly, I don't feel so well...

.....

Sometimes, I stop and take a moment to contemplate a tennis ball, like a fuzzy green planet in the palm of my hand. Then I wonder... Oh, let's just drop this!

.....

## Editor's Deep Thought:

Often, when I'm sitting on the toilet in the handicapped stall, I wonder... If police give tickets for parking in handicapped spaces, can I get a ticket for "parking" in a handicapped stall ? Or do I need one of those permits that hangs from rear-view mirrors ? If so, where would I hang it from ?

# The Science of Division

## Is Honours Science a Positive Influence?

by Chris Maughan

**T**his article is not intended as an attack on anyone, so please don't be offended by it. This is just an issue of fairness in the school, which I feel someone should speak up about.

In April of grade ten, every year, a rift is created among the students at Selwyn House. It divides them into two categories, according to their personality and ambitions. Because April is the time at which

these students must pick their grade eleven options, each of them is immediately labelled by their

choices. They become either "arts" students or "science" students.

Sadly, this is even more the case now that the grade eleven Honours Science programme has been introduced at Selwyn. It divides the students further, because those who choose it are immersed in the world of science and given little opportunity to study other types of subjects.

Many of the few people who have chosen an arts and humanities-oriented programme (that is, courses like History, Literature, Art, etc.) enjoy ridiculing the science students ("to the observatory!") but there is an underlying issue at hand. Because

one must meet certain prerequisites to gain entry into the Honours Science programme, a lot of the student body assumes that all the smarter, harder-working students will gravitate toward it. This leads to an even greater assumption: that anyone who is not a science student isn't smart or hard-working.

The problem is, science is far too glorified at the School. Is it so much more important than the other courses that it deserves three

One day, while discussing this very issue an Honours Science student told me that science degrees were more marketable than ones in the arts and humanities. He went on to tell me that to get a job in the arts (like, say, to be a journalist) you don't necessarily need a degree, whereas to get a job in any science, you absolutely do. What I fear is that the student body is beginning to think that a scientific career is more meaningful and prodigious than any other. The

School is reinforcing, and maybe even helping to instill, that idea. The role of a high school is to ensure

that students are well-rounded so they may make proper choices after their final year here. It isn't to specialize in, or glorify, one field. I feel that the only fair thing to do

would be to either eliminate Honours Science (which puts everyone on equal footing once again) or to create an "Honours Arts" programme, so students who intend to pursue any career may specialize.

The fact of the matter is, the arts are just as important as any science. In fact, the two can't exist apart. What good is a television (a scientific creation) if no one comes up with any ideas for its programmes?

**This article is not intended as an attack on anyone, so please don't be offended by it.**

"Honours" sections? By making the decision to accept the Honours Science idea, that is the very dangerous message the School admin-



**Above: And then there are those who fall in between the two categories.**

istration is sending to the students.

# A Fruitless Survey

*By the Forum's very own sour grape, Henry Buszard*

I've got some interesting news here. Well, It certainly won't come as a surprise to the students. Or the teachers. Or just about anyone else, except the sadistic fruit promoters of the wondrous and all-knowing Nutrition Committee. The news is this: in a survey set up by a local personality (me) 73 students signed their names, and teachers as well, with a final result of 96% saying we get too much fruit at lunch. Read it again: 96%. This is not without reason. We have fruit as the only dessert 3 times a week, and it sits in those fetid bins as an optional dessert all week as well. The fruit is not cleaned before it is served to us, and the kitchen crew are so confident that no-one in their right mind would eat it that they only put four items on each tray.

Editor's Note: Nuclear pelicans are eating my underpants. They creep into my room at night and feast on my precious garments. But I will defeat them. I have cross-bred a zebra and a baboon. I call it the "zaboon." Riding this anomalous steed, I will vanquish the nuclear pelicans and their demented master, the leader of the Labour Party, Tony Blair. I

write you this because the pelicans are breeding. They will one day find you and your under-



pants. Right now, as quickly as you can, find a zebra and a baboon and create your own zaboon. Do it, before you find yourself walking along the street, flopping around, completely out of control, because the nuclear pelicans have eaten all your underpants.

Here's the big news: It doesn't help. People simply don't eat the food, and go hungry the rest of the day, or they gorge themselves at the Tuck Shop (don't get me wrong; I love the Tuck Shop). This is not a healthy way of living. I remember days before a nutrition committee, days when there was a relatively good chance of

being full after a meal, and although we complained then, I'd be happy to see those meals again, and I'd like to request that the members of the nutrition committee who so steadfastly refuse to back down on the whole nutrition thing should take time off their busy schedule for lunch (we do three a day, so I'm sure it could be arranged) at good old SHS. I know it would be a change from wherever these people normally eat (and I'd just love to guess), but an architect should be forced to live in a house he or she designs.

Here are 3 things I don't like about lunch, apart from the fruit:

We only get 4 bowls at each table (I'd love to hear why this is) There is at least one glass with strange bits in it at each table I'd like, one day, to eat some soup not made from leftovers.

With all this excitement going on about CESI coming to evaluate the school, my question is, will they be staying for lunch? If they are, I sure hope it's better by then, or we'll be in some trouble.



# FINDING IT HARD TO LEARN FRENCH?

## *IT'S NO ACCIDENT!*

by James Govan

During a recent reclassification of "objets d'art" in the Louvre's Richelieu wing, museum officials discovered the sixteenth century journal of Monsieur Guy de Berger, a nobleman from the Périgord region of France. In 1559, the 62-year-old de Berger journeyed to Paris as a delegate to the First National Conference on the French Language -- the predecessor of today's Conseil Supérieur de la Langue Française. Monsieur de Berger's journal provides an account of those proceedings.

With the expulsion of the English from Calais the previous year, the French regained control of their country and their language. But the years of occupation had taken their toll. The language had become polluted by English words and phrases. And as the final insult, the English had even coined a word to describe this lingual corruption: "franglais."

The first time the newly-crowned François II heard the phrase "le week-end," he knew he had to act. The king summoned illustrious linguists from around the country to attend a conference. Their goal was to

eliminate the English influence and make French more difficult for foreigners to learn.

The conference members easily accomplished the first goal. They struck all English words and phrases that had been introduced during the occupation from the French dictionaries. Next, they created the Conseil Supérieur as a watchdog against future incursions.

Restructuring the language presented a more formidable challenge. According to Monsieur de Berger, the conferees hired two army cryptographers to create a new verb structure or code. After weeks of intensive analysis, the cryptographers announced their solution. The keys to the code would be two auxiliary verbs: avoir (to have) and être (to be). Then, they proceeded to develop 168 conjugations for the two "code key" verbs to serve as the cornerstones for the other verbs. Fearing conjugational security could be compromised if an outsider discovered a link between the verbs, they used avoir to conjugate être, but not vice versa.

This was a good start. But the cryptographers realized that the

written form of any language is the most vulnerable to penetration. De Berger reported they proposed changing the past tense forms of the two verbs to entirely different words in print. For example, the spoken il était (he was) became il fut in print. Nous avions (we had) became nous eûmes. This scheme prevented foreigners from purchasing French newspapers and learning the language. The conference members, delighted at this subterfuge, unanimously agreed (an almost unheard of occurrence in any French delegation).

With cryptography in place, the conference turned its attention to the other verbs. Many delegates favored standardizing those verbs ending in -er, -ir and -re. A small group of protesters argued that the standardization of any verbs offered an open invitation to foreigners. With the King's support, the majority ruled. This proved to be the turning point in the conference. The concession to a standard form for three groups of verbs enabled the French themselves to speak the language.

To placate the losers in the verb debate, the conference devised irregular verbs. A sub-

committee selected various valuable verbs and randomly altered their spelling patterns in conjugations. The verb *aller* (to go) exemplifies their randomization. When they finished, *aller* conjugated in the present tense as: *je vais, tu vas, il va, nous allons, vous allez, ils vont* (which remains as incomprehensible today as it was in the sixteenth century). As a final precaution, the conference passed a resolution prohibiting French citizens from revealing the existence of irregular verbs.

Guy de Berger sat on the Subcommittee for Irregular Verbs. After selecting the verbs and jumbling the letters, the members found themselves with free time on their hands. He observed that the delegate from Honfleur seemed preoccupied with the consistency of the past tense scheme which used *avoir*. Rallying support from other dissidents, the Honfleur representative advocated some verbs should use *être* instead of *avoir* to form the past tense. The chairman of the subcommittee concurred and selection of these verbs more than filled the group's time.

Late into the night, the members bickered over the verbs. They agreed, initially, that verbs related to motion should employ *être*, but not all verbs of motion because that would create a pattern. The delegate from Provence proposed *marcher* (to walk); however, he retreated when other members hooted it down as too obvious. They finally agreed on verbs of motion that did not reveal a pattern, but remained deadlocked on three

others. In a desperate act of compromise on the penultimate day of the conference, de Burger wrote, the delegate from Honfleur agreed to allow *naître* (to be born) and *mourir* (to die) in exchange for *rester* (to remain) -- a verb of non-motion and the ultimate contradiction. The exhausted subcommittee members agreed.

Editor's Note: Nuclear pelicans are eating my underpants. They creep into my room at night and feast on my precious garments. But I will defeat them. I have cross-bred a zebra and a baboon. I call it the "zaboon." Riding this anomalous steed, I will vanquish the nuclear pelicans and their demented master, the leader of the Labour Party, Tony Blair. I write you this because the pelicans are breeding. They will one day find you and your underpants. Right now, as quickly as you can, find a zebra and a baboon and create your own zaboon. Do it, before you find yourself walking along the street, flopping around, completely out of control, because the nuclear pelicans have eaten all your underpants. On the last day of the conference, tempers grew short in the hot meeting hall. The subjunctive case loomed as the final topic. De Berger opposed it vigorously. He argued not even the French would be able to understand its usage. His opponents countered that the subjunctive case would be the ultimate barrier to foreigners attempting to learn French. By a narrow margin, his faction lost, and the subjunctive case entered the

French language.

Guy de Berger's health failed shortly after his return to Périgord. The grueling conference had drained him mentally and physically. He never learned subjunctive usage and died in April of 1562.

De Berger's journal provides invaluable insight into the origins of the modern French language. Louvre curators are currently combing other wings of the museum in search of similar material from the 1574 Conference on Pronunciation.

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# The Grade 10 Index

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No. of times Mr. Glaude has yelled at his Histoire class since September: 7

No. of times Mr. Glaude has yelled at Jerome since September: 7

No. of milimetres between Jerome's eyebrows and his hair: 9

No. of essays Mr. Shannon's class has had this year: 13

No. of essays Ms. Biggs' and Mr. Cowan's classes together have had all year: 6

Percentage of the last Forum issue that the Gr. 10s gave a damn about: 9%

Percentage of Grade 11s that give a damn about the Grade 10s: 5%

Height, in cm, of Leslie's "hair": 9.2

No. of gallons of gel used by Leslie per day: 3.7

Average no. of times per day Leslie must re-gel his "hair": 4.4

No. of students who have tried to touch Leslie's "hair": 137

No. of students who have succeeded: 11

No. of students who have suffered infections from sharp stabs to the

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# Random Whinings

by Eeyore

I was reading the last edition of the forum, when it came to me that Selwyn House has a few problems.

— . — . — . — . —

Just by reading the possible names for the mascot shown in the Forum(last edition) we get a good idea of the great maturity that develops at Selwyn House. The number ten entry was submitted by one of our most mature students(no names TREVOR PAREKH), "Bourner". OK. Yet we have to move on, because he graduated in the class of '98. (Honestly, if we we're going to name it after a former student, I think the "Main Contributor " would agree that "Blacky" would be more appropriate.)

"Nacho"??Ok Scott, he's a Griffon, not a chip.

"Barney"???Ok Scott, he's not purple.

We will skip the following, because "Selwynator", "Big Willie" and "Melanie Griffin" speak for themselves.

Yet Guido kind of sticks out, yet who cares if its Austrlian or not and most of us don't even know what it is. And he's not a baseball player, sorry Istvan.

Let's get the idea clear that if 95% of the population of Selwyn House

does not know who he is, he will not get chosen. Who the H--L is Juan Valdez???? And yes Mr. Shannon, I'm kicking myself now. Right, I do it a lot when my English marks are stuck in the seventies!!

— . — . — . — . —

Another great example of maturity illustrated at Selwyn is the great "Battletech fest." I will agree with the hundred and fifteen Wong's and the rest of the "Badminton team" in Selwyn House that you do need brains to play Battletech, but instead of throwing five cents worth of cards at each other all day. Go out, see the world after your hard "game of badminton."

— . — . — . — . —

#2) Another ever going problem at Selwyn House seems to be the ever rotening fruit bar. It seems that the people who take care of the "food society", apart from missing the most classes possible, have implanted in Normand's that we enjoy fruit and that it should be served at every desert apart of being offered in the bar. He doesn't seem to realize that the fruit bar was installed to supply us with ammunition for the last class with Munzar. Fast Munz, hide.

— . — . — . — . —

#3) The other problem seems to be the grade ten, being part of it, I know. After ruining a French play in grade nine (can you blame us?),

we have seemed to do everything wrong. From being able to get kicked out of library period, because of the "rudest behavior I have ever seen". I think that we do not have a single teacher that hasn't had a chance to swear at us all year and it has only been three months. From Mr. Shannon (because of the library incident) to Mr. Glaude (at least, I understood it). Just lately we have been able to break a wall with one of our smallest students, that's not something that happens everyday. We have also been able to waste complete classes by throwing things at teachers (Blake), taking Ed's "North Face" pencils, pens and five jackets, and hiding them all over class. As well as our all time high: urinating on houses (Blake). Yet, we are proud of our "achievements," because we are different, and that what counts. As well as we want to leave our mark on Selwyn house, even if it means changing the architecture.

Editor's note: "Different," right, just like Charlie Manson was "different."

Note to the reader: If you've put in the time to read this far into the article, you need serious help.

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The Hospod Collection  
of

# Random Facts

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by Philip Hospod

All polar bears are left handed.

Right handed people live on average 9 years longer than left handed people

The average is thrown off by the fact that chemists are unusually left-handed.

Some lions mate over 50 times a day.

Some on the other hand live 16 years without any contact.

Humans and Dolphins are the only species to have sex for pleasure.

The flea can jump 350 times its body length

and yet a certain student can't throw a tennis ball 7 times his own height.

Lottery: A tax on poor people.

Tuck Shop: A tax on rich people.

Every year 11,000 americans injure themselves trying out bizarre sexual positions.

One third of americans are considered obese. (no relation to prior fact)

A peanut is not a nut it is a legume

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## Beyond Ventagementarianism

by: T.E. Sterosa

Random-number-machines. We know that there are teachers who use 'em; some more frequently than others. Instructions on the box indicate: insert critical essay, a mark will be put on between 45% and 65%. Of course, to process each critical takes months, which explains the anti-expeditious movement of their correction. Some professors of wisdom even have portable random number machines for use on booktalks, or bookreads as the case may be. The less technologically inclined use the tried and tested staircase method. The pile is hurled up or down the stairs (depending on method), then marks are given out based on how many stairs have been covered. A roll of the dice could be utilized if a teacher resides in an apartment without a fire-escape.. Hmmm. Anonymity is my only friend. While on the subject of teachers, the choice of "Death of a Salesman," as a title for grade elevens to read seems politically incorrect. Should it not parallel with certain unmentionable bumper-sticker mottoes on a certain unmentionable red half-car owned by a certain venerable English teacher, and simply read: "Death of a Salesperson." Ahhh Gentlemen... Have I said too much?

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# The Epitome of Coolness

by Henry Buszard

For a while now I have been thinking (mostly during geography) that there is some kind of progression to the degree of "cool" that any given person is at any time. This depends on a myriad of factors, including the individual's idea of what "cool" should be, and the current state of cool in the outside world. This is a rapidly changing environment, where wearing something that was cool last year, or even two weeks ago, can seem so uncool as to have old ladies chuckling at you under their breath today (e.g. all of the eighties and anything neon). However, this is a completely different topic, which will not be discussed ever, because the whole concept of cool will have changed so much by the next Forum so as to render this article topic obsolete.

My theory is this: grade eight was our epitome of coolness. If you look around a grade 11 class, you'll find basically a bunch of people who like to dress a bunch of different ways. This is a kind of coolness, the coolness of individuality, but I'm trying really hard to stay on topic. OK, so I was saying that in grade eight there is but one way to dress, one way to look, and so-on. When I was in grade eight this was defined as "pants so large as to allow one or two extra people to be wearing them at any given time, and a t-shirt, preferably with something

vaguely obscene written on it." I can remember these days, strutting around school with no way to prove how cool I was except via fairly large quantities of hair gel, and by fairly large I mean "enough to spike

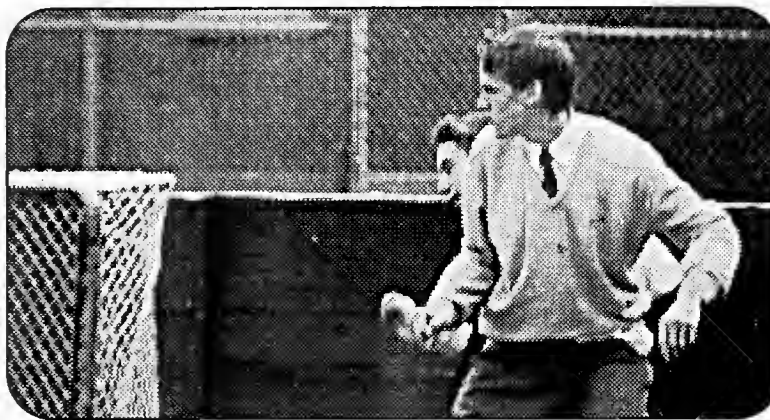
the hair of several large oxen."

Since then, the desire to be cool has slowly worn off (to the great dismay of the gel companies), and I now pay more attention to the important things in life, such as

sports, beer, and really, really immature jokes (often involving those very same large oxen). This is not always the case, though. Although there are many people like me, there are almost as many who have some strange vision of what cool should be, and it almost

always, for some reason, seems to involve clothing so expensive that, in my case, it would have to be kept in a safe deposit box (and I won't even mention the price of the cologne). Don't ask me to explain these people. Don't even think of touching their hair.

So this article is two things. It is a message to the grade eights of today, giving a message that individuality is on the horizon, and you'll soon be able to dress however the hell you want, and to meanwhile go easy on the gel. It is also a message to the senior students, saying that I like what I'm seeing, and that one day maybe no-one will have to care about what brand their watch is, or who made their shoes, and we can put our minds to more important matters, such as what to do with all the excess gel.



**Above: Asimov deals a patented "hip blaster" to Big Red**



**Above: Yes Chritian, you are the champion of cool.**

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# The Selwyn House Index

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Ratio of seniors to juniors at the Selwyn dance: 1 to 3

No. of juniors who went to the dance: 120

No. of junior girls who went to the dance: 100

No. of reasons why Jamie went to the grade 7/8 dance: 100

No. of losses needed in strip poker before complete nudity: 10

No. of losses needed in the Asselin version: 2

No. of minutes required to convince the girls to play: 45

No. of seconds, after discovery, that were required to cover up: 0.45

No. of times Roberto has tried to roof a tennis ball with his left hand: 13

No. of offers made by recruiters for the Paraolympics: 13

Estimated number of days until there is a major Jihad between the Jewish and Greek members of M-1: 43

Ratio of Lotfi cracks to others in last issue's index: 6 to 1

No. of people who were unaware of the nature of Jon and Matt's relationship until they saw last issue's cover: 68

